CHILDREN OF OTHER DAYS

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N. HUDSON MOORE

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CHILDREN OF OTHER DAYS

Little Baby Frederick

By Barroccio

CHILDREN OF OTHER DAYS

NOTABLE PICTURES OF CHILDREN OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES AND TIMES AFTER PAINTINGS BY GREAT MASTERS

WITH STORIES AND DESCRIPTIONS

By N. HUDSON MOORE

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PREFACE

THE advisability of training the young mind to become familiar with the best in both art and literature is every day becoming more appreciated. Set before the eyes the masterpieces that have been given to the world, and all unconsciously the taste will become trained to admire the pure lines, the sentiment that breathes through so many of these old works, conceived with the sobriety of spirit that was possible when life flowed with so much less rush than at the present day.

The originals of the portraits presented here in many cases grew to fill great places in history, and it has been the aim of the writer to touch on these facts, so that they will become fixed in the youthful mind, and will be associated with the great painters who lived at the same time.

There has been no attempt "to point a moral and adorn a tale," yet the fact has been pointed out that, though many of these children were born to great wealth and power, they were no happier, indeed less so, than if

their paths through life had led through lowlier fields. It is not always those who are of the "blood royal" who achieve the best in life.

The pictures have been arranged in a rough chronological order, and the date of the birth and death of both subject and artist have been given when possible. It is the purpose of the book to keep the stories that go with the pictures so simple that children of six can understand them, and at the same time to impart much information, and the book will be found a valuable aid to the teacher and parent.

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LITTLE BABY FREDERICK

THIS baby was born in 1603 at Urbino in Italy, and as he was a little prince he had his portrait painted. They did not take photographs in those days; they did not know how, and when mamma wanted a picture of the baby,—and she almost always did want one, you know,—why she had some artist come and paint one.

I think that this baby looks rather sad, and I do not wonder. Just think of being rolled up like that, not being able to kick your toes or move your arms for hours and hours, and besides that being laid flat on your back so you could scarcely see what was going on! Why, it must have been dreadful!

These things that the baby has on were called swaddling clothes, and all babies wore them, though for plain little babies, like you and me, they were not so grand as those in the picture.

As if it was not bad enough to be made into a roly-poly and buttoned up tight, they have put a bed-spread over the baby to make him warmer yet. Perhaps he likes this, though, for I see flowers on it, and he could look at them, and they were worked in pretty colours, red, blue and yellow. The cradle seems strange, too, for there are no rockers on it. But maybe they only used this cradle for best or when his picture was being taken, and when nurse really put him to bed she used one that could rock. I hope so, don't you?

ANNA

ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA

LITTLE ANNA is three years old. Her father was Ferdinand I, Archduke of Austria and Emperor of Germany. She lived a long time ago, and this picture was painted in 1530.

She was a kind and gentle little girl, I am sure, for see how carefully she holds the bird in her two hands. I often look at that bird, with its sharp eye, and wonder if it was happy. Perhaps it was singing, for its beak is open. That is a strange cap Anna has on her head, with what look like beads dangling from it. They did not wear pigtails or curls in those days, and I suppose you would look as queer to Anna if she could have seen you as she looks to you.

When Anna lived very few houses had glass in the windows. They used the skins of sheep without the wool on, or cloth which had been oiled, and some windows had only wooden shutters. The walls were not plastered, but were hung with great pieces of embroidery, called tapestry, which kept out the cold wind a little. They had no stoves, only fireplaces. There were no carpets on the floors, but they were strewed with rushes, and the mice often ran about through them. Although they used spoons to eat with, forks were hardly known till about one hundred years later. They had no china, very little glass, very few chairs. I am glad I did not live then. How do you feel about it?

Anna, Archduchess of Austria, born 1527

Portrait painted by Bartel Behan, born in Germany 1496, died 1540

DON GARZIA DE MEDICI

DID you ever see such a fat and merry little princeling? I don't wonder that his father and mother wanted his picture painted, and he is just as cunning to-day as he was three hundred years ago.

His father was a very powerful lord, named Duke Cosimo I, of Florence, and as his possessions were so rich he was called Duke Cosimo, "The Great," and during his reign many splendid artists lived, and famous writers came to live at Florence because Duke Cosimo liked to have them, and took care of them. He was a very successful soldier, too.

When he came home from the wars how pleased he must have been to have found such a merry little boy in his home. I think little Garzia has only two teeth, for see, he is smiling so that he can show them, just the way that your baby brother or sister does. Look at the dimples in his fat hands, and he holds the bird quite carefully,—don't you think so?

That pretty chain about his neck holds his coral, and a little silver bell; on the coral he cut his teeth, and the bell tinkled with every step he took, so that when she no longer heard it nurse went to see what he was doing.

He looks very roguish to me, and I think he used sometimes to run and hide, and then laugh when nurse found him behind the curtains, or when his brothers and sisters played with him.

Don Garzia de Medici

Painted by A. Bronzino, born about 1502, died 1572

CHILDREN AND DOG

THE artist who painted this picture was born at Verona about 1528, but the exact year of his birth is not known. His name was Paolo Caliari, and when he grew to be a man he painted a great many beautiful pictures, so that the city of his birth became very proud of him and wished him to take its name. So after a time he dropped the Caliari, and called himself Paolo Veronese. Many artists when they became famous changed their names in different ways. Raphael Santi called himself just Raphael; then there was Ribera, who called himself "Lo Spagnoletto," or "the Spaniard." These are but a few of the many that you will learn about when you go to Europe and see all these wonderful pictures in the galleries where they hang.

I do not wonder that the artist loved to paint these two girls and their dog. The little one who is looking into the dog's face seems to be saying, "Dear Fido, I love you ever so much, for you are gentle and kind. Come, let us go and take a walk, and I will throw a stick in the brook for you to get."

Fido looks like a dog that likes to swim, but perhaps his name is Rover after all. Have you a dog? What is his name?

A little girl told me the other day that she had a dog whose name was Easter, because he was born on Easter day. I wonder what she would have called him if he had been born on the Fourth of July.

Children and Dog

Painted by Paolo Veronese, born 1528, died 1588

DON CARLOS OF SPAIN

THIS little Prince was born in Spain, in 1545. His father was King of Spain, and this little boy would have been a king too, but he had a naughty temper, and as a result of giving way to it, he died in 1568. This is how it happened. As he was the eldest son of the King, he was called Crown Prince, and he was given great estates to govern, so that when he should rule all Spain, he should know how.

When he had grown to be a young man, his father told the Duke of Alva, a great nobleman, that he should be appointed governor of the Netherlands, that is, Holland and Belgium. This made Don Carlos very angry, and he struck at the Duke of Alva with a dagger, right before his father and all the rest of the nobles who made the court.

Of course his father was much displeased, and before Don Carlos had a chance to escape from Spain as he planned to do, he was sent to prison.

You may be sure it was very hard for a father to have to do such a thing as to send his son to prison, but he had to do it for the good of the country. Don Carlos died a few months after, in the prison, and no one ever knew just what it was that killed him.

I think even in this picture, painted when he was a young boy, he has a sad face, don't you? Perhaps his temper troubled him, even then. A bad temper is an ugly thing.

Don Carlos of Spain, born 1545, died 1568

Painted by Antonis de Moro, born at Utrecht 1512, died 1578

PORTRAIT OF A BOY

THIS picture was painted by that artist called Paolo Veronese, about whom I have told you before. The boy seems a solemn little chap. Perhaps he was learning to read, and though he could tell the little words, maybe he had to spell out the big ones. I know a little boy who has to do that, and he often asks me to make him a story with nothing but little words in it. This little boy of the picture was an Italian, and when he lived, about 1550, they did not have pretty primers and first readers like yours, but a few letters or words were printed by his mother or teacher on a bit of horn, and he learned these; then more were given him. The first book that was ever printed with type, and which is dated, so that we can be sure of it, was made in 1457, at Mayence. It was not till some years later that printing became much used in Italy, and even when our little boy was studying, books were costly and scarce.

You can see if you look closely, that his little coat is fastened with many buttons, for they had no common pins. But instead of button-holes, they used loops of silk cord to hold the parts of the coat together.

How many things you have which this little boy had not! Yet he looks quite contented; but then he had never heard of the telephone, or the telegraph, or of an automobile, or a steamboat, or of a steam engine, or of many things which seem necessary to you.

Portrait of a Boy

Painted by Paolo Veronese, born 1528, died 1588

PRINCESS ELEONORA

THIS princess was born in Mantua, Italy, about 1550. Her father was a noble Prince, and he and his family were rulers of Mantua for many years. Like so many of the old towns in Italy, Mantua had a great wall built all around it, so that it was almost a fortress. Even with the wall it has had many misfortunes, and been taken many times by different enemies.

Eleonora belonged to a famous family, the Gonzagas, and when you begin to study Italian history you will find them mentioned many times. Mantua, where she was born, though a small town, was famous for the artists who lived and painted there, and a great writer named Virgil was born near there. When you read Latin you will read some of Virgil's poems.

This little girl was taught to read Latin, too, and when she was not more than five years old could say some Latin verses. Her mother often asked her to say them when they had company, and she always did it pleasantly, and she danced, too. The old records speak of this, and of what a good little girl she was, and of how everybody loved her.

That wreath she has on her hair is made of gold, for the Italian goldsmiths were famous for centuries. Even artists were glad to learn how to work in gold, and they drew lovely patterns of wreaths, and buckles and ornaments. Eleonora looks quite prim; but see, she has a ball, too.

Princess Eleonora of Mantua

Painted by Porbus the Younger, born 1540, died 1580

FATHER AND SONS

WHAT lovely times these three brothers must have had playing together! They were German boys, and this picture was painted about 1540. Except for their gowns they do not look very different from little boys of to-day. I know two or three small chaps who have their hair cut just like that. Their father looks proud of them, don't you think so? This picture hangs in a great picture gallery in St. Petersburg, Russia, that land of snow and ice. The name of the gallery is the Hermitage, and in it are many splendid paintings from all countries, even America.

There is only one thing about this picture that I do not like. I think the boys look too solemn. What do you suppose they played? "Pom-Pom-Pull-Away," or "Duck-on-a-Rock," or "Tag," perhaps. If they did not play any of these, there is one game I am sure that they did play, and that is ball.

Handball is the oldest game known. It has been played by millions of boys and girls all over the world. Yet even though a ball seems a simple thing, it was "invented," once upon a time, by a lady who lived in Corcyra, Greece, and when the ball was finished she gave it to the little daughter of King Alcinous. Two famous old Greek writers, Homer and Herodotus, tell the whole story.

Do you notice that the smallest boy of all holds a ball in his hand? The eldest holds a pink.

Father and Sons

Portraits painted by Bartholomaus de Bruyn, born at Cologne 1510, died about 1560

EDWARD VI OF ENGLAND

HOW would you like to have to wear clothes like this boy's, and a dagger dangling down in front? This was a prince, named Edward VI, and he was a son of that famous King of England, Henry VIII. Edward was born in 1537 and only lived to be sixteen years old, so although he became king when his father died, he never ruled, for he was too young.

This picture is in the gallery at St. Petersburg, and is painted in the Flemish style. Notice how flat and white the face looks; it was because they used so little shadow on the flesh. When Queen Elizabeth was painted (she was this boy's half-sister) she would not have any shadow put on her face at all. This picture belongs to the school of Holbein, who was a great and wonderful German artist, and though he had died before this was painted, the artist who made it followed Holbein's rule as nearly as he could.

See how carefully the trimming on the cap and cloak is copied, and look at that wonderful curtain behind young Edward. He has on a doublet and hose, as those long stockings were called, and that band just below his left knee is the Order of the Garter, the highest order of knighthood in Great Britain: the King, Prince of Wales, and twenty-five others, called knights, belong to it. Foreign princes are sometimes chosen to belong to it, but there are seldom more than fifty members at a time. Should you like to be one?

Edward the Sixth of England, born 1537, died 1553

Painted after the school of Holbein

LOUIS XIII

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE

THIS boy is a king, the son of that famous King Henry of Navarre, who used to wear on his helmet a white plume, so that his soldiers could always tell where he was on the battlefield.

Louis XIII was born in 1601, and as his father died, he was declared of age in 1614, when he was only thirteen years old. Before that time his mother ruled for him; but when he was thirteen he became king himself, and with the help of his ministers—that is, councillors—he ruled the kingdom, made all the laws, and, I am sorry to say, did many cruel things. It is not known who painted this portrait, but I think it is a pleasant one, and I do not think he was much over thirteen when it was painted. It looks as if he had on a skirt, does it not? But garments like this were called trunks, and were worn by men in many countries for many, many years. The little coat he has on is a doublet, and is much stuffed out in front; this style was known as the "peascod." Did you ever hear such a funny name for a coat?

The hanger to his sword is of rich gold-work, and the "roses," or rosettes, on his shoes, as well as his gorget ruff and his cuffs, are edged with fine lace. This king had one of the greatest statesmen that ever lived to help him rule. His name was Richelieu, but he was, in many ways, not a good man.

Louis XIII, King of France and Navarre

By an unknown Artist

PRINCE FREDERICK OF URBINO

WHO do you think this little boy is?

Why, he is little Baby Frederick, grown to be a great tall boy, four years old. You see he looks so different from what he did as a baby, that mamma wanted another picture of him. See what he holds in his hands: a ball in one, and a ping-pong racket in the other! How funny! I thought ping-pong was a new game, and yet this little boy played it nearly three hundred years ago.

I am afraid that he could not run very fast in that sort of coat, all trimmed with gold braid. Do you see any frogs in the picture? I do, fourteen! They call those things that fasten his coat together, frogs. I like them better than the kind of frogs that live in a pool.

His shoes do not look as if they would pinch him, and as for stockings, they must have been made of a plain piece of cloth sewed up the back; for such stockings as we wear were not made till 1816, although they could weave plain webbing about the time this baby was born. But it had to be sewed into shape just like cloth.

The city of Urbino, where Frederick was born, is a very beautiful town in Italy. It has a high wall all around it which was built hundreds of years ago. One of the greatest painters that ever lived, named Raphael, was born at Urbino, in 1483.

Prince Frederick of Urbino, born 1603

Painted by Federigo Barroccio, Roman painter, born 1528, died 1612

DON BALTASAR CARLOS

HERE is another portrait of a Spanish prince, called Don Carlos. This one was born nearly one hundred years after the one with the cross face. See how much pleasanter this one looks.

This prince's father was Philip IV. of Spain, and Don Baltasar Carlos was his only son. He did not live to be king, for he died when he was seventeen years old, and his father was still on the throne.

I want you to look particularly at this portrait, because it was painted by one of the greatest artists that ever lived. His name was Diego de Silva, and to this name he added that of his mother, Velasquez, and it is by this name that he is best known. He was "court painter," to Philip IV, the father of our little boy, and painted forty portraits of him. He also painted many pictures of Don Baltasar and his sisters, and all of them are very beautiful.

In those days (Don Baltasar Carlos was born in 1629, and died in 1646) the children were dressed in very fussy clothes. All that light-coloured trimming is gold braid, that band coming over his shoulder held up his sword, and those rosettes at his knees were lace. Poor little chap, think how his sword must have been in the way if he wanted to run, and I am quite sure he never could have climbed a fence!

Still, he looks happy; he had a pony; perhaps he liked to ride that.

Don Baltasar Carlos, born in Spain 1629, died there, 1646

Painted by Velasquez, born 1599, died 1660

INFANTA MARIA THERESA

THIS is a picture of the sister of Don Baltasar Carlos, and was painted by the same great artist, Velasquez, who painted her brother's portrait.

If we thought that Don Baltasar had a hard time playing, what do you suppose Maria Theresa could do? Think how her poor head must have ached when it was all braided and twisted, and tied up like that, and then was stuck full of ribbons, and feathers, and dangling things! Anyway she did not have to wear a hat. Those great hoops that held out her dress were called fardingales, and the waist of her dress had bits of wood sewed in, so that she had to sit up very straight. See, she had two watches; I should think one would have been enough.

Maria Theresa grew up, even though her clothes must have been a torment, and was married to Louis XIV of France, who was known as "the Sun King," because he loved to have everything about him so grand and gay.

They lived much of the time at a beautiful palace near Paris, called Versailles, where there were splendid gardens with flowers, and fountains, and grassy walks, and woods. At night they used to have these gardens all lighted up with lanterns, and hidden in the trees were bands of musicians who played and sang. Yet with all these things, poor Maria Theresa was not happy, for although the king was very great, he was not very kind to her. Very few great queens have been happy.

Infanta Maria Theresa, born in Spain 1638, died in France 1683

Portrait painted by Diego de Silva Velasquez, born in Spain 1599, died there, 1660

BLOWING BUBBLES

THIS very pretty picture was painted by a famous Dutch artist in 1670. If you look carefully at the bottom of the picture you will see where he painted in the date.

Why does not that little boy blow the bubble very gently, so that it would float away? If he had, it might have floated out of the picture, and then we should not have seen it, and that would have been a pity.

There are some pretty sea-shells on the window-sill; perhaps mamma had taken the children to the sea-shore to gather them. In Holland where these children lived there are very pretty watering-places, where the people go in summer to bathe in the sea and sit on the beach.

Little brother in the background is very busy blowing up the soapy water in a saucer. You might think that he had a pipe to blow his bubbles with, but it is only a split straw, and it is very hard work to make bubbles with such a thing, for I have tried it. Some day you might try it, just for fun. I think you will go back to a pipe pretty soon.

When I look at the boy with the cap, I notice that he has a lace necktie, and then I remember how much beautiful lace has been made in Holland. Did you know that children used to make it, and do to-day as well? Sometimes they are taught to do so when they are not more than four years old.

Blowing Bubbles

Painted by Caspar Netscher, Dutch painter, born 1639, died 1684

CHILDREN OF CHARLES I OF ENGLAND

WHAT a happy family this seems! and it was happy for many years; but at the last the children's father, King Charles, was beheaded in London, because the English people did not like the way he ruled, and the men that he chose for his friends. For several years before his death he was fighting to regain his throne, but he was defeated.

When I see this picture, I always wonder what sort of games these children played. Not tag, for they would have tripped in those long skirts, I think, and not blind-man's buff, for their stiff silk frocks would have rustled so that you could hear where they went. Perhaps they played stage-coach, for that is a sit-down game, and besides they knew all about stage-coaches, for those were the things that they had to use when they went travelling.

The mother of these children was Queen Henrietta Maria, of France; a very sad time she had too, trying to help their father. She went to Holland to see if the Dutch people would not help her, but they had affairs of their own on hand, and could not. Finally she went back to France, her old home, but she came back to England when the King was imprisoned, tried for treason, and killed.

This picture was painted by that great artist named Van Dyck, of whom I have spoken before, and was one of many that he painted of this family, and of the King and Queen.

Children of Charles I

Painted by Van Dyck, born 1599, died 1641

CHARLES II OF ENGLAND

THIS is a picture of the boy who became Charles II, King of England. He was born in London, in 1630, and when he was but sixteen had to fly from England, for his father had been put into prison. Young Charles wandered about in France and Holland during the years when he was not allowed to come home; but after his father had been killed he returned and was crowned king in Scotland. He went to England with a small army, but was defeated at a great battle which was fought at the city of Worcester.

He managed to escape, though his army was defeated, and for a month he hardly knew from one moment to another what would become of him. He hid in all kinds of places, was often hungry and cold, and at last escaped to France.

Though for some years more he was an exile from home, he at last overcame his enemies and was crowned king, and reigned for nearly twenty-five years. So you see his struggles came to an end at last.

This picture was painted when he was about ten years old, and he is wearing a suit of armour. Mercy, I should think his mother would have been worried to have him hold that pistol! Suppose it should have gone off! That queer-looking thing on the table is a helmet, or casque, and is made to wear on the head in battle. All those feathers are put on the top of it; how queer it looks!

Charles II of England, born in London 1630 and died there, 1685

Portrait painted by Anthony Van Dyck, born 1599, died 1641

GEORGE VILLIERS

SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, AND HIS BROTHER

IT is hard to say which was the more famous, the two children you see in this portrait, or the man who painted them. The taller of the two children was George, who was born in London in 1627. When he grew up he became one of the councillors of the King. He was a great and powerful noble, and he was a writer also. So you see he must have studied hard when he was a boy.

The artist who painted the picture was named Anthony Van Dyck, and he was born in Antwerp in 1599. He was but forty-two when he died, but left behind him some of the finest pictures in the world. He painted many portraits, some lovely pictures of children, and some pictures of saints and holy families. So you see, he too worked hard, to become so great in his way. Although he was born in Holland, he did his best work in England, where he lived the last years of his life, and where he was made "court painter,"—that is, he was appointed to paint portraits of the King and all his family. You remember I told you that they had no photographs in those days.

The way these children are dressed is called "Van Dyck style," for he loved to paint such clothes. And only fancy, it was regulated by law how many "slashes" you could have in your coat. "Slashes" are those slits in the sleeves. Which would you rather be, a great painter or a statesman?

George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, and his Brother. George was born in London 1627, died in Yorkshire, 1688

Portraits painted by Anthony Van Dyck, born 1599, died 1641

PORTRAIT OF A GIRL

"CHERRY RIPE" would be a good name for this picture; don't you think so? See, the parrot likes the cherries as well as the little maid herself.

I wonder why she did not put her shoes on; perhaps she liked to run out in the rain bare-footed, like most children nowadays.

It looks as if it must have taken some time to make all those curls; I hope nurse did not pull very hard when she was doing it.

The artist who painted "Cherry Ripe" was a Dutchman and his real name was Peter van der Faes. When William of Orange came to England to take possession of the English throne in 1689, Peter came with him, and changed his name to Peter Lely, and he was made knight for his fine work, and so was called Sir Peter Lely.

For thirty years he painted in England with all the famous men and lovely ladies of the time as his sitters. He tried to paint as much like Van Dyck as he could, for he admired that great artist exceedingly. He painted so many portraits that he became very wealthy and had a beautiful house. He was particularly noted for the beautiful way in which he drew and painted hands, which are very difficult to do. You will notice that the little girl's hands are pretty. So are her feet; she had never worn shoes that pinched her, so each toe is nice and round as it should be, and they are not crumpled up together.

Portrait of Young Girl

Painted by Sir Peter Lely, born in Holland 1617, died in London 1680

BOY AND DOG

THIS is a portrait of some boy who lived about two hundred years ago. It is always pleasant to look at such a picture and to see what good friends the dog and his master were. I wonder what kind of dog it was! a coach-dog I think, for he looks so spotted. I think that he looks, too, as if he liked to sit for his picture, if his little master would keep patting him.

How would you like to wear a thing like that around your neck? It must have been very stiff and scratchy, and this particular kind of ruff was called a gorget. They were worn by men, women and children, and were starched very stiff and made into those wavy curves by a kind of stick, called a poking-stick. When you had one of these on there was no sitting crumpled up in a heap. You had to hold your back straight. At one time these ruffs were made so wide that spoons had to have handles two feet long to get over them. Just fancy what a work it must have been to eat your soup! As for bread and milk, I don't know how they managed that at all.

The coat the boy wears is a doublet, and though his is made of velvet, coats were made for every-day of cloth and even of leather.

See, he wears a sword, and perhaps a fencing-master came every day to teach him how to use it. Would you like that?

Boy and Dog

Painted by S. Bombelli, born in Italy 1635, died 1724

"UNKNOWN PRINCESSES"

THE two little girls who are in this picture are called the "Unknown Princesses," because their names have been forgotten, the picture was painted so long ago. I really believe that they were twin sisters, for see, they are just the same size, and look so much alike that I think only their mother and father could tell them apart. One seems to have white flowers in her cap, and the other has blue ones; otherwise they are dressed just alike, too.

I hope the dove never tried to fly away, for I think that string about its neck would hurt it. I think it was very tame, and would have liked to eat the berries on the twig which one princess holds in her hand.

Just notice what lovely aprons they have on, all made of lace. This was a very famous kind of lace which was made only in France, long, long ago. At first people did not like it very well, but King Louis XIV made a rule that it must be worn by French people, and so the people who went to court had it on their clothes, and much money which had gone to other countries to buy lace was now spent in France, and helped to make the country prosperous. Finally after King Louis died, other laces were liked better, and nobody would buy this kind, so that they stopped making it, over a hundred years ago.

Even the artist who painted this picture is forgotten, too.

"Unknown Princesses"

Portrait supposed to have been painted by A. S. Belle, born 1674, died 1734

THE PRINCESS AND THE MARQUIS

THIS picture always makes me laugh, and I will tell you why. These are not two girls at all, but a boy and a girl! Think of a boy dressed up like that, with a cap with feathers in it and a girl's frock! You see that he is pointing to the trees behind him; perhaps he feels like running away to hide. How sweet the little girl looks, and the parrot seems tame; not as if it would bite.

These children lived in France when King Louis XIV was on the throne. It was the fashion to dress girls like their mothers, and little boys were dressed like girls, as you see.

I wonder how you would like to have lived then; I think it would have been very stupid. When our little Princess went down stairs she had two men, called lackeys to help her down, so that she should not fall. When she went to ride she had to wear a mask of velvet over her face, so that she should not get sunburned or dusty. She was not allowed to run and play, for fear she should spoil her fine clothes. Every day the dancing master came and taught her to dance, and some one taught her to read, and perhaps she learned to play on the spinnet, which was a kind of piano. Just think how little she knew!

As for the boys, when they got rid of the skirts they were taught to ride, to use a sword, to make a bow, sometimes to write, and not much else.

The Princess and the Marquis

Painted by A. S. Belle, born in France 1674, died there, 1734

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

HOW often I have looked at this picture and wondered who the little girl was, where she lived, what was her name, and why she had on that robe and veil. The artist who painted her was a famous French painter who lived in Brussels, and painted in what was called the Flemish school—that is, the way the Flemish artists painted.

I think our little maid looks as good as gold, don't you? She does not look as if she would ever romp about and tear and soil her clothes, or get her hair mussed and put nurse to the trouble of curling it again. I think the real story of the unknown maiden was like this. In olden times, when there were not as many schools as we have now, many little girls were sent to convents to be educated, where the Sisters taught them.

Sometimes, if the little girl were of high or noble birth, she would be made an Abbess—that is, the chief sister of all, and when she grew up, she would really have a convent to take care of. Then again, if the parents died, the daughter might be sent to a convent, and would become what was called a novice, that is, would study to be a Sister. I think from her dress that this is the picture of a little novice, and that she is dressed in blue and white. Perhaps when she grew up she taught other small girls, and was very patient and kind with them.

Portrait of a Young Girl

Painted by Philippe de Champaigne, born in Brussels 1602, died there, 1674

PRINCE RUPERT

HOW do you like Prince Rupert?

He was not very old when this picture was taken —about twelve, for he was born in 1619, at Prague, a great city of the Austrian Empire.

Rupert grew up to be a splendid soldier; just let me tell you a few things he did. He fought in the Thirty Years' War; he led a cavalry regiment in the English army; he was a Commander in the English navy; and he fought against the Dutch.

Besides all this he was governor of the Hudson Bay Company, a great company made up in England to buy furs and skins from the American Indians, and he studied chemistry, and he learned to make engravings—that is, cut pictures on copper or steel, so that they may be printed. He did not waste his time, did he?

Prince Rupert lived to be sixty-three years old, and, as you see, a learned man. I think that he was kind to animals, for see how fond the dog seems of him, just a plain cur, too. But these dogs are often very clever, and learn tricks very easily, like walking on their hind legs, and jumping through hoops; you sometimes see them at the circus.

Notice the chain Prince Rupert has on. It was made in Venice, and only persons of high rank wore them over one shoulder and under the arm. The strap beside it is a "hanger," to keep his sword on.

Prince Rupert, born at Prague 1619, died 1682

Portrait by Anthony Van Dyck, born at Antwerp 1599, died at London 1641

INFANT PHILIPP PROSPER

HERE is another dear little boy, with long clothes on just like a girl's. He carries his toys about with him, so that they cannot get lost, and I think it is a good way, for toys so often get stepped on when they are left on the floor. Philipp has a coral, but not such a pretty one as Don Garzia's, which is a beautiful pink in colour. Philipp also has a bell and some other little toy, besides those which go on a string over his shoulder. What do you think they are?

Even though he has these toys, I am sure he likes best to play with that gentle little white spaniel which is sitting in the chair, don't you, Philipp? Don Garzia was an Italian boy, and the Infant Philipp was a Spaniard, and he was not born till nearly a hundred years after Don Garzia; yet you see that they both were great pets, since their parents wished their pictures.

At the time when this little boy lived Spain was a rich and powerful country, and her people were known all over the world. Two of the greatest artists who ever lived —Velasquez, who painted this picture, and Murillo, who painted many very lovely ones also—were alive and working hard, and at the court were to be seen great nobles, who were very splendid in the richest velvets, gold and silver laces, and many jewels. We should not know what to do if we had to be dressed like Spanish Grandees to-day.

Infant Philipp Prosper

Painted by Velasquez, born 1599, died 1660

CHARLES-LOUIS OF FRANCE

CHARLES-LOUIS was the eldest son of Louis XV, King of France. He was called the Dauphin, which means heir to the throne. He never became king, however, for he died before his father.

I think he liked to study, for he is pointing to a great globe. It was the one they used to teach him geography. Perhaps he liked to draw, too, for I see on the floor behind him a picture with men on horseback. I wonder if he drew it. There are great books at his feet that look to me as if they had very hard lessons in them, like long words to spell or history to learn.

Charles-Louis was just ten years old when this picture was painted, and besides the everyday lessons such as you and I have to-day, he was taught astronomy and learned all about the stars, and he was taught to ride a horse, for that was the way most of the travelling was done when he lived, for they had no steam cars, no steamboats, only horses and sailboats to carry them about on land or sea.

He was also taught to use a sword, to dance, to make a bow,—and just see how nicely he turns out his toes. All his nice soft hair is brushed back and hidden away under a wig, which has white powder on it, and is hot and heavy, and on top of it when he went out he wore a little hat turned up on three sides.

Charles-Louis of France, born 1729, died 1765

Portrait painted by J. L. Tocqué, born 1696, died 1772

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD

WHAT do you think this little girl's name could have been? Perhaps it was Gretchen, or Saskia, or Annetje, or Katrina, for she was probably a Dutch girl, for Peter Paul Rubens who painted her was a Dutchman himself, and loved to paint his country-folk.

Anyway, whoever she was she was a happy little person, and I am sure it must have been a warm day when Rubens said to her, "Come here, little one, and sit still while I paint thee. Thou shalt have a groat and a bunch of cherries, if thou wilt sit very still." The reason I know it was warm, is because Gretchen's hair is twisted up into a tight little knot on the top of her head, so that it will not feel so warm on her neck. Does mother fix yours like that in summer days?

Gretchen is smiling at the mere idea of those cherries, and I should think she would, for the cherries are so large and so sweet in Holland that it makes me smile too when I think of them. Around Gretchen's neck is a string of coral beads, of a pretty, pale red. You often see Dutch children wearing them, and sometimes the string belonged to their grandmother, and she wore it and then gave it to her daughter, and so it was handed down.

The Dutch are a very careful and industrious people; they were the first to use thimbles, handkerchiefs, shirts, and many other things that we could not do without now.

Portrait of a Child

Painted by Peter Paul Rubens, born in Holland 1577, died there, 1640

JAMES STUART AND HIS SISTER

JAMES STUART was the son of King James II, of England, and was sometimes called the Chevalier de St. George. He was not very fortunate, and spent most of his life in exile. When he grew up he was called the "Old Pretender," because many people thought that he had no claims to the throne of England which had been his father's. The little girl with him was his sister Louisa.

Children did not have as many toys to play with, when James Stuart and Louisa were young, as they have now, so they almost always had animals and birds of their own. How fond the hound seems of James, showing that he must have been kind to him. Just back of Louisa I see a little King Charles spaniel, and on the orange tree is a parrot.

I hope Louisa had a doll or two, and some picture books to amuse herself with, for with that long dress she must have had to move pretty slowly so as not to trip up. The cap she has on was called a fontange, because the lady who first wore one was named Mademoiselle Fontange. She got her hair rumpled while she was out riding, and to cover it up, tied her handkerchief over it. Everybody thought it looked pretty and tied up their hair in the same way, and this kind of cap became very fashionable. James lived to be almost eighty years old; he was about ten when this picture was made.

James Stuart and his sister Louisa. James was born in 1688 and died in 1766

Painted by Nicolas de Largillière, born 1656, died 1746

THE ARTIST'S SONS

WHAT a happy picture!

How pleased the father of these two dear little boys must have been to paint them, as they sat on the door-step, and looked at the picture book together. See, big brother has the book in his hands, and is turning over the leaves very carefully, so that they shall not get torn, and I am sure he is telling all the pretty stories to little brother.

I should not wonder if papa painted the pictures in the book for them, as when these children lived there were not so many books as you and I have to-day, and none with such pretty coloured pictures. I see a bear, and a fish, and a donkey with baskets on his back, and some birds, in the book. Can you make them out too?

Big brother has on a fine pair of shoes with buckles, but little brother is barefooted. I hope he won't get a splinter in his foot when he begins to play horse again. How do I know that he has been playing horse? Why, see the whip in his hand. He is tired and warm, and glad to sit down for a bit and listen to a story, while papa sketches him.

These children lived nearly one hundred years ago, in Dresden, Germany, and this picture hangs to-day in the famous gallery in that city, where there are so many splendid pictures. Perhaps you will see them some day when you go to Europe.

The Artist's Sons

Painted by Christian Vogel, born in Germany 1759, died there, 1816

MOTHER AND CHILD

THIS pretty young lady is the mother of the little girl that she holds in her arms, and is also the artist who painted the picture. You will wonder how she painted herself, I know. She sat in front of a looking-glass, and took a look at herself, and then painted a bit; then looked again, and painted a bit more; and so on till the picture was finished.

The artist was a Frenchwoman, and lived for many years in Paris, where she painted a large number of pictures and portraits. Among them were some of poor Queen Marie Antoinette and her children. When that dreadful French war, called the Revolution, broke out, Madame LeBrun went away from France, and travelled in different countries, always painting wherever she went lovely portraits, often of royal people. Among other countries she went to Russia, expecting to stay but a few months, but so happy was she there that she stayed for years. When she returned to Paris, her little girl had grown up to be a woman too.

Madame LeBrun lived to be eighty-seven years old, and painted during her long life over six hundred and fifty portraits and two hundred landscapes. Think how busily she worked; she could not have wasted her time, I am sure. She belonged to many art societies all over Europe, and to several of them she sent pictures of herself and her daughter. I like to see this picture; the mother and daughter look so happy together; don't you think so?

Mother and Child

Portraits of Madame Le Brun and daughter. Painted by Madame Le Brun, born in Paris in 1755, died there, 1842

CHARLES DE FRANCE AND MARIE ADELAIDE

THE little boy's name was Charles Philippe, Comte d'Artois, and he was born in France. When he grew up he became king, but went through many misfortunes, and finally was driven away from his home and his throne, and died in exile in Austria. The little girl beside him is his sister Marie Adelaide. How comfortably she seems to sit on that goat! I think he must have been trained to carry children. Charles has some twigs for him in his hand, a reward, perhaps, if he behaves well.

The children seem to be in a garden; I think it may be the one at Versailles, for Charles was born there. In this wonderful garden, which was like fairyland, was a small village with rustic bridges, and a tiny mill, and little ponds, and some pretty cottages built like Swiss houses. Here the king and queen came to play,—yes, really to play. They learned how to churn and make butter and cheese, and they dressed like dairy-maids and millers, and tried to forget the heavy crowns that they had to wear on great occasions. But they could not play long, for they had to go back to the great palace. Louis XVI was the eldest brother of these children.

Marie Adelaide has some fruit in her basket; maybe they are going to have a picnic. They look happy, and as if they were going to have a good time, don't you think so? Do you ever go on picnics?

Charles de France and Marie Adelaide de France. Charles was born in 1757 and died in 1836

Painted by Drouais, born 1727, died 1775

LOUIS XVII, OF FRANCE

POOR Louis! I think that he looks sad, even though he was the son of a king and queen, and became heir to the throne of France. His father was Louis XVI, and his mother Queen Marie Antoinette, and when a great war, called the Revolution, broke out in France, the king and queen were first imprisoned, and then lost their lives.

They were shut up in a gloomy place called The Temple, and they were cruelly treated in many ways. It is not known precisely what became of this prince, for some people think that he managed to escape and come to America, but most historians say that he died in prison. I should like to think that he escaped and came over here, should not you?

Before the Revolution broke out, the children of King Louis and Queen Marie Antoinette lived very happy lives. They romped and played in the beautiful gardens at Versailles which I have told about before, and they had wonderful toys, and ponies and dogs, and even monkeys to make them merry. It was Queen Marie Antoinette who built a dear little palace in the grounds at Versailles, and it was her Swiss dairy, and little mill, and rustic bridges which are so pretty. What fun the children must have had playing there! Perhaps they ground wheat into flour, and made little pats of butter, and sailed boats in the fountains. That star which Louis has on his coat was only worn by royalty.

Louis XVII, born 1785 at Versailles, died 1795

After Kocharsky

NAPOLEON II, KING OF ROME

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was this baby's name, and when he was born his father was Emperor of the French, and called him beside, King of Rome. This was in 1811, and in a few years the baby's father was sent away from France, to live on a lonely island, and the little Napoleon, who was sometimes called the Eaglet, never saw his father again.

He went to live in Austria with his grandfather, and as he was no longer King of Rome, they called him Duc de Reichstadt, and changed his name from Charles Louis to Franz Joseph.

He grew up a lonely boy, for his father and mother were both away from him, and he studied very hard, so that he was not very strong. The thing that he loved best to do was to ride on horseback, and he chose the wildest horses he could get, and would ride and ride for hours, all about the country near his home. When he was still very young his grandfather gave him a regiment of soldiers to train, and he taught them to drill, to march, to run "double quick," and all the other things that a soldier has to know how to do. Should you like a regiment of your own to teach, or would you rather be in a regiment?

Franz Joseph, as he was called, worked so hard training his soldiers and breaking horses, that he was taken sick and died when he was only twenty-one. Poor little Eaglet!

Napoleon II, King of Rome

Painted by Baron Francois Pascal Gérard, born 1770, died 1837

ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA

WHO do you think this cunning little girl is? You would never guess, I am sure. She grew up to be a great queen, and her name was Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India. When this picture was painted she was only four years old, and I think that her nurse had wrapped her up very warm to go out to play, even putting on her leggings and overshoes. Victoria was born in 1819, and she was crowned queen in 1838. She had a very long reign, and she was one of the few great queens who have had happy lives.

Although she was Queen of England, she did not live in London; but her favourite home was at Windsor, a splendid palace, centuries old, not many miles from London. She had other homes, too, and the one where she went most often was in the Highlands of Scotland, and was called Balmoral Castle. All her children loved this place, too, and they had happy times fishing and hunting, and wandering through the lovely woods, where flowers grew, and where the wild deer came down to the brooks to drink.

Queen Victoria, besides ruling vast possessions in many parts of the world, found time to learn several languages, to paint pictures, to write books, and to bring up a large family of children.

When you study English history you will learn how many wise things she did for England, as well as for her colonies.

Alexandrina Victoria, Queen of England, born in London 1819, and died in the Isle of Wight, 1901

Portrait painted by S. P. Denning, born in England 1795, died there 1864

PHILIP SANSON, JUNIOR

YOU have to read what it says at the top of this page twice, before you can really believe that this cunning baby is a boy. What a fine time he is having in the garden, picking his chubby hands full of pansies for mamma! Now he thinks that he will get a rose; take care Philip! roses have thorns, and you may prick yourself.

I hope mamma told you that you could pick the flowers, and that she will not feel sorry when she sees you.

That funny sort of frock he has on is called a pinafore; it is open up the sides that Philip may run if he wants to; so that he is better off than some of the other children we have seen, who could hardly take a step in their clothes.

Do you know what the word Junior, after Philip's name, means? It shows that he was named after somebody who was still alive when this picture was painted: his father, perhaps, or his grandfather or uncle. When the time comes that he is the only one of that name, he will not use the word Junior any more, for it is a Latin word which means, the younger.

Have you noticed how many kinds of flowers are in the picture? I find four: the sweet pink roses, the pansies which Philip has in his hand, some bluebells near his feet, and a honeysuckle vine which hangs above his head. Do you love flowers?

Philip Sanson, Jr.

Portrait painted by Richard Westall, born in England 1765, died 1836

MARIANNA AUGUSTA COCKBURN

MY, my, what a long name for a small girl!

Do you think that they called her Marianna Augusta every day, or just when she was naughty? I wonder if the kid had a name too, and what it was. Marianna seems good to-day, though I fancy that she got tired kneeling so long to have her picture painted. As for the kid, I do not see how they got him to stand still at all. Perhaps he had something to nibble. Marianna's father was a great sailor, an admiral—that is, one who commands a whole fleet of ships. He sailed the seas in many directions, and won many victories, and once he sailed over here to America, and in the year 1814 he helped to capture the City of Washington, where our President lives, but the English did not keep it long, and we soon won it back, and have kept it ever since.

Marianna Augusta was Admiral Cockburn's only little daughter, and it is easy to see that he was very fond of her. Sometimes he did not come home for many months, when he was "on duty"—that is, sailing about with the English ships—and I should not be surprised if Marianna's mother had this portrait painted to surprise him when he got home. So this is no doubt the reason why Marianna kept nice and still, so that the artist did not have much trouble in painting her.

Do you like to sit still?

Marianna Augusta Cockburn

Painted by Arthur William Devis, born in London 1763, died 1822

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